W. P. BROWN, KING WHEREVER A BIT OF COTTON CLOTH IS MADE

Promoter of Most Successful "Corner" in Recent Years Began as Clerk.

SON OF GALLANT SOUTHERN SOLDIER

As a Youth He Went Into Business for Himself and Prospered.

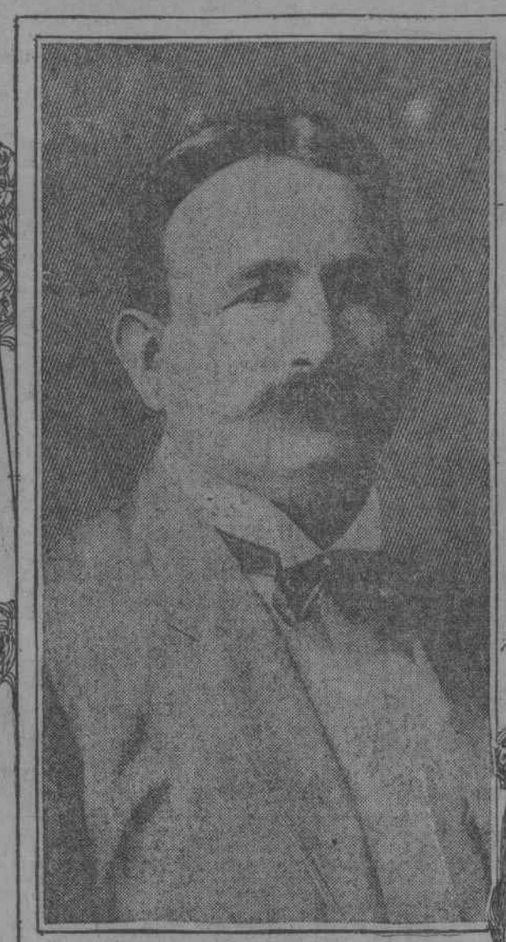
LIFE'S PATH WAS SMOOTH

Moved from Mississippi to New Orleans and at Once Became a Factor in the Market.

FOND OF MILITARY LIFE

Cotton Leader Has Always Been Immaculate in His Dress and a Lover of Good Horses.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE.



MR. WILLIAM PERRY BROWN COTTON KING

MRS. WILLIAM PERRY BROWN AND HER THREE SONS

WHERE FAMOUS COTTON KING FIRST ENGAGED IN BUSINESS AT COLUMBUS, MISS

BROWN—W. P. Brown—that is the name. There is in it not a suggestion of romance, not a hint of anything outside of the routine life that is led by the average Brown, Smith or Jones.

But the name stands for a great romance of the industrial and agricultural world.

It has come to mean to cotton manufacturers in two hemispheres slackening machinery and closing mills. It has come to mean to operatives of England and America loss of work and pay. No wonder they are bitter.

It has come to mean to the cotton growers of the South unheard of prices for their product. It has come to mean to the business men of that section real prosperity. No wonder they are jubilant.

Who, then, is W. P. Brown? He is the promoter and manager of the most successful "corner" which has been attempted in years. He is the "cotton king of the world." His is a power felt wherever an ounce of cotton is grown, wherever a yard of cotton cloth is made.

The press has told of his hourly doings on 'Change. His public and private character has been discussed in all the great markets. But in spite of all, little really is known in the outside world of the real character of W. P. Brown, who in a few brief months has made his personality felt in two continents.

Native of Mississippi.

Who's Brown? William Perry Brown was born forty-one years ago in the "Caledonia neighborhood," a prosperous old settlement in Lowndes county, Mississippi. The Brown homestead was fifteen miles northeast of Columbus, one of the oldest and most aristocratic towns in the State. J. C. Brown, his father, was a gallant Confederate soldier, prosperous and highly respected by his neighbors. He owned his home and hundreds of acres adjacent.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had five children, a daughter and four sons. Mrs. Brown had a strong Christian character, and looked well to the comfort of her husband and children.

Previous to the death of his parents, when he was about fifteen, William Brown went to Columbus to attend the public school—the Franklin Academy, an institution of age and repute. Left an orphan soon afterward, he was forced to give up his schooling. He turned from the old home to Columbus at once, and determined to be self-sustaining.

The first position he filled was as a clerk in the wholesale supply store of T. O. Burris, a leading merchant. Quick and apt, he soon became an excellent salesman. His pleasant and courteous manners rapidly won friends. Recognizing that his popularity had added materially to the trade of his store, Mr. Burris placed the boy clerk in charge of the cotton department, a responsible position, difficult to fill.

Having saved money and invested his earnings, young Brown decided to begin business on his own account. He established himself in the grocery business, dealing also in cotton, in Main street, Columbus, under the firm name of W. P. Brown & Co. A few years later he formed a partnership with Dr. T. H. Sharp, son of Brigadier General J. H. Sharp, of Confederate fame. Under the name of Brown & Sharp they continued for several years to deal in groceries. Then the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Brown left for New Orleans, where he became a cotton factor under the old firm name of W. P. Brown & Co.

Life in Columbus.

Of his life in Columbus much could be told. As a young man he was deferential to children and remembered that the little girls as well as their big sisters loved candy.

He was fond of good music. Whenever excellent musical attractions were announced he was invariably in the audience. His favorite song "used to be," and he is still partial to it, Marguerite of Long Ago," which he often sang with young women friends in a clear tenor voice.

Frequently with other young people he was with the "storm party" crown, known in Columbus as the "Rosebud Set," who weekly, without warning, congregated in some attractive home for a german or card party.

He was in those days, as now, well groomed and immaculate in his dress. He was very fond of driving, and often took his friends out for a spin, usually in the best trap and behind the best span of horses the stables afforded.

His most intimate friend then was the lamented "Will" Johnston, an officer in the United States Navy, who graduated with distinction from Annapolis. The closest friendship existed between the two young man until death separated them.

The first time Brown sprang into local prominence was when it was announced that he had resigned from the Columbus Riflemen to organize a military company. This step on his part created a ripple of excitement in the quaint little town where for more than fifty years the Riflemen had held sway.

Until Brown appeared on the scene the younger men were not inclined toward organizing another company. His enthusiasm over the project, however, became contagious. A few weeks elapsed and it was announced that a sufficient number of names had been enlisted. The new company unanimously elected its founder captain, and voted to call the infant organization, in his honor, the Brown Cadets.

The youthful captain and his men from the beginning had a common ambition—to have the best uniformed, best equipped and best drilled company in Mississippi. The officers' and privates' ambition awakened deep interest in affairs military. Columbus became the State centre in such interests. "Captain Brown," as he is still called in Columbus, determined that the beautiful old town was just the place wherein competitive drills should be held. So in the month of May for several years military competitions were held there with companies from all over the State and from Louisiana.

The little city was all excitement as the momentous days approached. The local military companies selected to represent them, the fairest representatives from the "Rosebud Garden" of girls. The old people wished the riflemen to bear off the palm at these drills. Young people and children were heart and soul for "the Cadets."

Always an Attraction.

As long as Brown resided there, whenever and wherever he chose to drill his company, it was a signal for crowds to assemble and shower applause. Many and many a time young girls have stood hot August afternoons awaiting the coming of the cadets, all eager to watch their military manoeuvres and unwilling to turn their faces homeward until they had seen the company wind up the drill by one of their fantastic moves.

When military companies went to Richmond, on the occasion of a competitive drill there, the cadets won general admiration. The Richmond papers paid glowing tributes to the magnificent appearance they presented in the line of march.

This is only an incident in the life of W. P. Brown, but it is to be noted that the energy and determination which he displayed in organizing, drilling, equipping and disciplining his military company are characteristic of him.

For a short time after Mr. Brown removed to New Orleans he was a partner in the firm of Brown & Grant, cotton factors. After the firm dissolved partnership he continued the business under the old name of W. P. Brown & Co. The firm has offices at Ruston, Arcadia and Minden, La. His brother, John M. Brown, is a partner in the business, having charge of the out of town offices.

Touched by Cupid.

Mr. Brown was happy in his marriage. On December 27, 1894, Mr. Brown was married to Miss Marghuerita Braughn, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. G. N. Braughn, of New Orleans.

Judge Braughn being a man of wealth and influence, Mrs. Braughn and her daughters were lavish entertainers, and their "at homes," on St. Charles avenue, opposite Lee Circle, brought together a delightful set. One evening Brooks Allen, brother of Private John Allen, asked Mr. Brown to call with him upon some young ladies. He was taken to the homs of the Braughns. The eldest of the three sisters were receiving in the front parlor, the youngest seated at the piano in the back parlor, playing to an appreciative audience. She was attired in a creation of rich crimson crêpe.

Mr. Brown, after an introduction to her, returned to the front parlor. His friend noted, however, that his eyes ever sought the girlish figure at the piano. It was evident that his ears heard only the rhythmic music as it rippled from her fingers. Then and there the cotton man's heart was captured by the younger Miss Braughn. It is safe to say that in the months he engineered his campaign of love he was given more concern than in all his conflicts with the army of cotton bears.

In His Home.

Mr. Brown is exceedingly fond of his home and family. He loves the ease and quiet of his own fireside, and when he leaves his office he apparently leaves behind him all the cares of the day.

To see him within his family circle, with his three little sons, William Edward, William Perry, Jr., and Frank Hayne (named in honor of his father's intimate business and personal friend, Frank Hayne, another of the bull leaders), scrambling all at once for a place upon his knee, no one would imagine he gave a thought to the price of cotton.

Mrs. Brown is thoroughly in sympathy with her ambitious husband. She is his companion and comrade. Her knowledge of the cotton market's intricacies would be creditable to any man.

Although highly accomplished, a talented musician and author of several pieces that have attracted attention, Mrs. Brown finds in her home her greatest happiness. She devotes most of her time to the care of her household and children, and is never too busy to listen to their childish prattle.

Mr. Brown is fond of the theatre and driving, and enjoys his club and informal entertaining in his home. The diversion which affords him the greatest pleasure, however, is his Sunday afternoon drive with his boys.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Brown are not occupying their own home. A few weeks ago they vacated their St. Charles avenue residence that the house might be torn down to make way for a magnificent stone dwelling, which when completed will be one of the finest homes in the avenue.

A Bull Since 1898.

Mr. Brown has been a bull since 1898, when the market was at four and three-quarter cents. This is evidence that he has taken no man's place, but has remained steadily true to his own convictions. In 1900 he ran one of the most successful corners in the market at New Orleans that was ever run, when September cotton went to eleven cents. From time to time since he has bulled the market. In August of last year he began his present campaign.

He successfully carried through the largest single deal in cotton in the history of the trade when a few weeks ago delivery notices were issued for 130,000 bales of July cotton to be received by him.

In the pit Mr. Brown appears calm and self-possessed to the point of nonchalance. True, he is ever ready to give to the public any legitimate news touching his actions as an operator. So much he cheerfully gives and no more. His unconcern has nonplussed reporters. Newspaper fame he does not seek. At all times he is little disposed to talk of himself. Though standing as a central figure in the markets of the world, he has permitted no word to escape his lips calculated to convey the impression that he felt he had done the unprecedented.

"Who's Brown?" He is the type of the self-made American man who is an honor to his country. He is a man who made his own start and has succeeded through merit. His success has been the result of studying the cotton situation as the student does his books.

He has not won fame and fortune at the price of widows' and orphans' tears, the poor white man or the ignorant negro. He has faced the ups and downs of business life.

"Who's Brown?" He is a man who, steadily pursuing the goal of an honorable ambition, while adding countless thousands to the income of toiling producers, is reputed to have made millions for himself and associates. He is a Southern man whose late achievements are the admiration of one section of the country and the astonishment of the other—the first and only Southerner to engineer a successful corner in the world's greatest staple.

Love of Music Brought Mr. Brown His Wife and His Marriage Has Been a Happy One.

ESSENTIALLY A FAMILY MAN

Mrs. Brown Is Her Husband's Adviser in All His Hard Fought Campaigns.

SHE IS ALSO A COMPOSER

Cotton Leader Has Been a Bull Since 1898, When Market Was at 4¾ Cents.

FAMOUS DEAL OF JULY

As an Operator He Is Invariably the Calmest and Most Self-Possessed Man in the Pit.

Cotton Situation Causes No Alarm

Neither the Mill Owner Nor the Employe Believes That the Present Condition Will Continue—New England Towns Losing the Use of $300,000 Weekly.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

BOSTON, Mass., Saturday.—It now appears that with the exception of Lowell every mill city in New England will be affected by the present corner in cotton and that curtailments will be general. More than two million spindles are now idle in this section, and between thirty and forty thousand operatives are out of employment, temporarily at least.

There has been apparently a lack of unanimity on the part of different manufacturing interests, the owners of the individual mills closing or keeping open according to local conditions. Of all the mill cities, Fall River appears to be the hardest hit, about two hundred thousand spindles more than last week being now idle—or a total of eight hundred thousand—and fully twelve thousand operators out of employment. One of the rumors current there was to the effect that the owner of the Iron Works had purchased several thousand bales of cotton and would continue to run through to the next cotton crop.

The situation, however, does not appear to have caused any alarm, both operatives and manufacturers believing that present conditions will not last.

The shutdowns in almost every city are regarded as temporary. The China, Webster and Pembroke manufacturing companies, at Suncook, N. H., closed to-day for three weeks, and mills at Exeter and Pittsfield, N. H., also closed for from two to four weeks. The Bristol Manufacturing Company, at New Bedford, closed its plant to-day for two weeks, the high price of cotton and the low price of manufactured goods being the reason given there as elsewhere. The Farwell cotton mills, of Lisbon, will not open for another week, and next week the five mills of the Cocheo Manufacturing Company, at Dover, N. H, will close, the print works shutting down a week later.

The Slater mills at Webster are running only three days a week, about 1,000 hands being affected. The Pacific Mills, at Lawrence, will close for two weeks; also the mills at Methuen, although it is claimed that in both instances this will be done in order to make necessary repairs to machinery.

There will be curtailment in all parts of New England, in Lewiston and Brunswick, Me.; Burlington and North Pownal, Vt.; Claremont, N. H., and in several cities in Rhode Island. It is believed in the latter State that there will be further curtailments in September.

It is believed by the manufacturers that the new crop cannot be cornered, and they are waiting until next month, when it will be on the market and its quantity and quality known.

The following table shows the number of hands and spindles idle:—

	Employes Idle.	Spindles Idle.
Fall River	12,000	800,000
Lowell	4,000	250,000
Webster	1,000	100,000
Lawrence	6,000	250,000
Suncook, N. H.	1,500	180,000
Dover, N. H.	1,500	50,000
Lisbon, N. H.	500	50,000
Augusta, Me.	1,000	50,000
Lewiston, Me.	800	40,000
North Pownal, Vt.	1,000	100,000
Brunswick, Me.	700	85,000
Other New England cities	5,000	600,000
	34,500	2,375,000

The curtailment in the cotton centres, as carried on at present, means a loss in wages of about three hundred thousand dollars weekly.

Joseph L. Bristow, the Investigator, Is a Terror to Evildoers of the Post Office Department

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Revels in the Unearthing of Frauds.

HERALD BUREAU, No. 734 FIFTEENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday.

"THAT man would investigate his grandmother."

When a prominent Washingtonian voiced this opinion of Joseph L. Bristow, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, he found words which express what every one feels who has had an opportunity to watch the wholesale shaking up which Mr. Bristow has brought about in the Post Office Department.

Postmaster General Payne collapsed under the strain of the investigation, the President departed for the summer White House, and named Holmes Conrad and Charles J. Bonaparte to undertake the law part in the crusade, but Mr. Bristow's stooped shoulders have not weakened under the weight of postal frauds and he is still holding the headsman's basket and smiling as his victims meet their fate.

Threats of political annihilation if he continued to probe into the rottenness have not deterred Mr. Bristow, and whisperings that a Senatorship might reward a relaxation of energy have not coaxed him away from the weak spots in the department which promise to yield additional scandals.

Mr. Bristow is a born investigator. He is of a temperament admirably adapted to the work with which the administration has seen fit to load him down. He never gets excited. If all the chiefs in the department were indicted in one day Mr. Bristow would wear no broader smile than always marks his face.

The most perplexing thing about the man is that he does everything with a smile. When Mr. Bristow dismissed Charles Hedges, superintendent of city delivery, for falsifying an official diary he spoke in just the same tone and looked just the same as when he said "Good morning" to a neighbor before beginning work that day.

Always at Work.

Duty is written all over Mr. Bristow. Policy, politics and politicians all give way to duty in his estimation. He is always at work. His office is the storm centre of the upheaval. Messengers are constantly summoning inspectors and attorneys to the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Other executive offices in the department may be quiet, but there is always a conference on in the chief investigator's office.

Visitors to the Post Office Department are not happy until they get a glimpse of Mr. Bristow's office. Cabmen who conduct parties about Washington point out the windows of the Fourth Assistant's office as one of the capital's chief attractions. Newspaper men guard the office with all the care of a death watch, for the nets are always set and past hauls have indicated that Mr. Bristow is a good fisherman.

When Mr. Bristow walks in the street he is pointed out as the man who managed to oust Machen and Beavers. Next to this achievement his chief claim to fame is the resemblance he is said to bear to President Lincoln. He is as tall and angular as the lamented President. His broad, bony sloping shoulders and long legs suggest the figure of the rail splitter, but his face is that of a Connecticut Yankee. His angular jaws are covered by side whiskers which do not extend to his long thin neck. His eyes are small, but bright, and always twinkle, as if with repressed humor.

Like President Lincoln, Mr. Bristow is a native of Kentucky. Until he was nineteen years old he lived in the Blue Grass State. Then he moved to Kansas. It was there he received the training which has made him investigator general in President Roosevelt's Cabinet.

Mr. Bristow knew the Kansas of Senator Pomeroy's days, the Kansas whose legislators thrived on $20,000 bribes, the Kansas which produced the greatest scandal ever brought to light in connection with the election of a Senator. He was graduated at Baker University and grew up with Kansas politics. He became the editor of the Salina (Kan.) Republican, a paper which he controlled until thirteen years ago.

For five years he has been the owner of the Ottawa (Kan.) Herald. He saw Kansas emerge from its spasm of populism, and had an opportunity to come into intimate association with State politics as private secretary to Governor Morrill. Then he was made secretary of the State Republican Committee of Kansas, and was rewarded for his activity in politics by the appointment to the position of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General under President McKinley's first administration.

The Cuban postal frauds gave Mr. Bristow the opportunity of his career. He showed his ability to dig into corners which others shunned. When politicians were shuddering and advising that nothing be uncovered which would reflect on the administration Mr. Bristow kept on probing and smiling. He came out triumphant and managed to hold his place in the department until President Roosevelt needed a detective major. All hands pointed to Bristow. Postmaster General Payne said the charges against the department were without foundation. Bristow was silent, but he kept on probing and smiling.

Under his directions a score of inspectors were at work. Attempts to block his progress were useless. He and Chief Inspector Cochran finally managed to get light into some of the dark corners and brought about a change in the law division of the department. With the removal of Assistant Attorney General Tyner, Charles H. Robb, an assistant attorney in the Department of Justice, was sent to take up the legal work in the Post Office Department.

Mr. Robb proved to be a good running mate for the Kansan. He is a mild mannered New Englander, about half as tall as the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. He is slender and youthful in appearance, but too keen for "Big Gus" Machen and his associates. Mr. Robb has a smile much like that of Mr. Bristow, but it is more noticeable because of his smooth shaven face.

Graciousness has been the keynote of all the moves Mr. Bristow and Mr. Robb have made against Machen and the rest of the unfortunate chessman. Firmly, but smilingly, the gracious pair have marched through the department and laid hands on wrongdoers. While the other fellows swore and raved, these two invincibles wielded the probe serenely, and varied the screams of their victims with an occasional "Sorry it hurts so, but it must be done."

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General is a typical bookworm. He is a tireless reader of history.

Has Features Like President Lincoln and Is Likewise a Native of Kentucky.

Rear Admiral Melville Believes Future of Navy Is Safe from Faddists.

Late Engineer in Chief Says 18,000 Ton Battle Ships Are the Limit for Readiness in Handling and That the Ships of the Future Will Follow Present Lines.

The future of the navy is a matter too vast to attempt to discuss in an impromptu interview.

When we consider the great strides made in all the navies of the world in the last twenty-five years it seems almost an impossibility to predict what will occur in the matériel of the navy in the coming twenty-five years. Yet we cannot expect greater strides than have been made in the last quarter of a century, for the matériel of all navies from the beginning of time has been of slow, though constant, growth. No great or sweeping change has been made in any navy in any one year.

Then, again, modern ships of war are so expensive that we cannot change the design yearly as we would a tailor's fashion plate. We speak flippantly of the ships of a decade ago as being things of the past. Well, they are; but no nation throws them aside if they were well and efficiently built. And even now our new ships are but improvements on, or a growth of, the ship of a year or two ago, and the same general plan exists to-day that existed ten years ago, except that the ships are larger and more formidable because of their increased tonnage, because in their growth the designer has been able to add every item that a well considered Board of Construction has been able to think of and to thresh out in the varied, and at times heated, discussions which take place among a body of well informed and able men, who are proud of their ability in each separate technique of their profession.

It is the stronghold of the Navy Department to-day that no particular faddist can ruin the navy by the introduction of any individual fad. The ship of the hour is a "compromise," as it was in the beginning and ever will be where wise counsel shall prevail—a compromise with respect to the various elements involved, such as the "tonnage," "speed," "coal endurance," "armor" and "ordnance," as well as habitability of officers and men. This last, of course, means not only actual living quarters, but room for food, clothing and for many of the modern necessities or accessories of our present civilization—call them "luxuries" if you will. But men will not live either afloat or ashore in the manner in which they did fifty—nay, twenty-five—years ago, and we must not expect it.

For these reasons our ships have grown in size to leviathans, since we find that we cannot get the fight out of 13,000 tons that we can out of 16,000 or 18,000 tons—and this last figure seems to be the limit for readiness in handling, with a fair proportion of length, breadth and depth or draught of water, which is limited to the harbor bars of the nation building and handling the various sized ships.

Then, again, the resources of the nation are a great factor in the game of naval war. It is only the rich nations of the earth that can indulge in this gigantic game. No wonder that poor nations still build small ships or try to make the semblance of a naval defence with them or with torpedo boats, though all classes of ships have their special service in all navies.

But man—the combative animal that he has been from the beginning of time, when he fought his battles or killed his game with a bludgeon—will to-day do what he can with the weapons which he has at hand, whether such be a battle ship or the grotesque attempt at defence of the "submarine" or of the flying machine, equally inefficacious.

It has been on account of their novel and fascinating features that these last two forms of defence have ever filled the minds of the credulous with the visions of the "promises to do," no matter how slow have been the realizations of those who have studied the growth or non-growth of these machines for long years, and who are acquainted with what the "other fellow" has tried to do and failed to do for the last two hundred years.

The battle ship of the future will no doubt be an improvement on the ship of the present, but essentially along the same lines of construction, probably no larger than those now projected at home and abroad, of 16,000 or 18,000 tons, but with the possibilities of new and improved power, of greater speed, no heavier armor and with smaller though equally powerful guns, and be of all classes to suit the service on which they may be employed.

Problem of the Turbine.

Great expectations have loomed up in the minds of many with respect to the turbine engine for marine propulsion, but up to date no marvel of speed or economy has been realized by any of the turbine engine builders for marine work.

None of the vessels that have been built up to the present time in which turbines have been installed has shown any great economy in weight or coal consumption, and none has attained a speed (even in the "racing machines," not ships) for which they were built that could not have been—nay, has been—attained in vessels propelled by reciprocating engines. No exact data have been published to the world that will convince the scientific engineer of the economy of the turbine for marine propulsion, nor of its economy of weight, and not until some government will build and experiment with such installations in vessels of useful classes and publish such data to the engineering and shipbuilding world will such data be forthcoming.

It was the hope of the Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering that the last two Congresses would appropriate for ships of the "scout" class—of about 1,200 tons and twenty-five knots speed—an ideal ship for this turbine installation and experiment.

In all ships, of whatever build, the propelling engine is but a small amount of the total weight of installation. The greatest weight is generally the boilers, and when there is added to this every concomitant and necessary auxiliary engines, pumps of all kinds and for various purposes, the sum total of saving on the propelling engine alone is doubtful, especially so when all "turbine men" tell one that the real economy is only obtained by a vacuum of at least twenty-eight inches of mercury. This means large or perfect condensers, large or very perfect air pumps, &c., &c. And, as previously said, until Congress will appropriate money for ships for experimental purposes with turbine engines we will go on speculating till doomsday.

The non-professional engineer (and there are many such) believes any marvellous statement he may see in the public press—and not always honestly put there, it should be observed, but for speculative purposes. But the honest engineer who has true progress at heart will not accept such statements, which may be printed in all good faith by the newspaper man, until the ship has been built, the machinery weighed in as it is installed, and then a standard speed run across a measured course of any standard distance; the engine timed and measured, the coal and water weighed and the facts and figures worked out. And until then—it should be emphasized—no self-respecting engineer who values his reputation will accept the hearsay evidence that he may see in print.

Every day we read of some turbine steamer's marvellous performance, but no facts are given. Occasionally we get the honest expression of opinion from the public press that some one says the "boiler is too small," or the "engine is too large for boiler," which at once is evidence to the trained engineer that the engine in all probability is very expensive in steam, and that the boiler, which is large enough for the reciprocating engine and should drive the hull at the proper speed, is entirely too small for the "turbine engine steam eater." Or, because of its rapid rotation, it is impossible to install an efficient propeller, wherein really lies the true economy of ship propulsion.

It is to be hoped that the next Congress will appropriate money for vessels of the class suggested and the question of turbine engine ship propulsion be at least commenced on a reliable, scientific scale, which will give the facts to the public that the private shipbuilder and experimenter will not give, and cannot be expected to give, as that is a part of his stock in trade he has paid his money for.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE,
Rear Admiral and late Engineer in Chief, U. S. N.